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Collection for the Catholic University and the Belgian Sufferers

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
307 CONGRESS ST.,
PORTLAND, MAINE, NOV. 8, 1914.

Rev. Dear Father:—

Numerous appeals have come to us from Belgium, France, England, and even from Mexico to aid the victims and especially children, of the great war in Europe, and of almost equally sad condition from anarchy and persecution in Mexico.

The Catholic Church has always been foremost and generous in such works, yet appeals are becoming more and more numerous in latter times.

To give our Catholic people of Maine an opportunity to share in this great work, you are hereby instructed to announce on Sunday, November 22, that the annual collection on the First Sunday of Advent, Nov. 29th, will be for the double purpose, namely, part for the "Catholic Higher Education," and part for the victims of war, especially in Belgium, and the money will be forwarded directly to the Church authorities, hence without any intermediary salaries or expense.

The generous coöperation of the Rev. Pastors and good people is respectfully urged and Apostolic Blessing accorded by,

Yours Sincerely in Christ,
✠ LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE,
307 CONGRESS ST.,
PORTLAND, MAINE, Nov. 8, 1914.

This great work was in honor in the Diocese during many years and indeed merits all honor for its own worth and as a most beneficial, practical way of initiating our children into the spirit of charity and thus forming the good habits early in life.

This work of "ransoming little unbaptized children" as its chief object, has been one of the glories of old Catholic France and has recently received the special blessing of the late Pope Pius X of blessed memory for the Child's Christian rights, and of our present beloved Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV.

The Rev. Pastors are therefore respectfully urged and instructed to establish this work in their parishes and especially the Catholic schools, by having the spirit and blessings of the work explained.

Then on the First Friday of each month one cent will be asked as the offering and the work placed in charge of a priest or a sister in the school.

The offerings will be sent each month to the Rev. James A. Carey of Hallowell, Supervisor of Catholic Schools, the annuals distributed by the same person, and a report will appear once a year in the Diocesan Magazine.

Yours Sincerely,
LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY FOR NOVEMBER

Sunday, 4—"Peace' proclamation" of President Wilson, topic of sermon by Rt. Rev. Bishop at the Cathedral.

Sunday, 11—Confirmation at Springvale in the afternoon. Visit to Convent at Sanford. Agreement to have Sisters of Mercy teach in the Sunday school at Springvale.

Columbus Day 12—Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, initiation at Portland, followed by a procession to the Cathedral, sermon by the Bishop and banquet at Lafayette Hotel. Hersey farm on Hammond St. in Bangor purchased for Diocesan Charity Homes. Flag raising at Bar Harbor. New schoolhouse occupied.

14—Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop to Burlington.

16—Rev. Joseph Drolet assigned as assistant at St. Joseph's, Biddeford.

Sunday, 18—Eighth anniversary of the Episcopal Consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop. Solemn Pontifical mass.

19—Visit to Bangor to inspect new property and have a conference of the local priests.

20—Visit to Notre Dame Church, Waterville and Mt. Merici Convent.

21—Two Rt. Rev. Monsignori, Mgr. Tiberghien from Rome and Mgr. R. de Teil from Paris, Directors of the "Holy Childhood" visit the Bishop, who promises to have this very great work of charity reorganized in the Diocese.

24—Confirmation at St. Catharine's Church in South Paris, 48 children.

Sunday 25—Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church in Biddeford, 380 children.

28—Rt. Rev. Bishop attended the Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hayes, D. D., in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

30—Convention of the Maine State Teachers' Association in Portland. Question of Religious and Moral training again coming to the front, necessity admitted, but extent and method of such instruction not clearly nor openly discussed.

31—Extensive improvements in St. Dominic's schoolhouse planned and begun.

THE TRUSTING ONE.

Trembling and sore afraid am I
To feel thy hand on mine,
Lest faltering step or worldly sigh
Should draw my hand from Thine.
Yet glad and full of joy withal
To know Thee, Lord and Guide,
Whose Love will last, whose Voice will call,
E'en though I turn aside.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE.

Pere Jean

Continued from the October Number

A tall vase stood on the mantlepiece. It had been a present from Madam Latour when her cousin in town died and left her a legacy. This was only a few dollars, but she had felt quite rich for a time, and her first act had been to buy a gift for her master. The flowers it contained were from little Jeannette, who lived next door, and who regarded it as her special charge that the Curé should be provided with the best blossoms of her garden. The somewhat gaudy picture of the Holy Family had been the doctor's birthday gift, and the notary had given the clock on a similar occasion. There were other trifles, which, though of no value in themselves, yet helped to give the little room an appearance of comfort. He had often thought lovingly and gratefully, if regretfully, how cosy it was, but now with his heart full of love for the friend who might even then be shedding his blood in distant China, each article seemed to reproach him for a self-indulgence, of which he was in no wise guilty. The picture of that other life so full of suffering and sacrifice rose before him and seemed in pitiful contrast to his own.

What victory and what service could he show his Master when his stewardship should be yielded up? He, too, had had a long life—and yet, was he not empty-handed? "And I wished to become a missionary," he told himself sadly. "I, who have done so little as a parish priest. The bishop was indeed wise to refuse my audacious request and to place me among a pious people, ready to overlook my shortcomings and forgive my faults."

This was perhaps the bitterest moment of his life, and as he stood there at the open window he trembled, and the hand that grasped the sill was cold and damp, "My God, my God," burst from his lips, "I meant to do so much for Thee, and I have done so little."

"Père Jean!" it was a small childish voice accompanied by a warm little hand which was laid gently on his own. The appealing accent and touch brought wonderful soothing to the priest's troubled heart. There was no trace of the last moment's anguish in the Curé's kind smile, as he looked down at the small bare-footed urchin who stood outside the window. "Well, petit Paul, what is it?" he asked.

"It is grandmére," the boy answered digging his bare toes into the garden gravel, "her rheumatism is very bad today."

"And has not the doctor been to see her?"

"Oh, yes, Père Jean, and he gave her some medicine, but she says she will not suffer so much if you will come to see her."

A moment later the two were walking, hand in hand, down the village street.

It was the hour so dear to the peasant, when, supper over, families congregate on the door-steps, the men with their pipes, the women with their babies in their arms, and the older children playing near by. The sound of merry voices was borne on the sweet twilight air—the women's as they chatted gaily, the children's as they danced about and called to one another in their play.

When the Curé passed by every hat was lifted; every woman curtsied, while many left their doorsteps for a word of greeting. One, an old woman, came up to say that she had just had news of her son in the city, who was getting on so well that he would surely soon be rich. A little further on, a buxom matron told him triumphantly that her daughter Rosalie was soon to make the best match in the village, and Rosalie, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, followed to receive with shy gratitude the Curé's good wishes.

Here and there a man stopped for a word of advice, or a child left its play for the smile and caress that never failed it.

The loving eyes that followed him caught no hint of the deep sorrow which lay heavy upon his heart. One or two thought he looked old and tired, and hoped it was the evening shadows which made him seem so. The doctor, a wiry little man, and a wise little man too, glanced keenly at the tall figure as it passed, and then remarked to his friend, the notary, that it was high time that "Père Jean" had a vicar—Sainte Barbe was too large a parish for one man. "He had worked so hard all his life," he said, "it must be made easier for him now."

"Grandmère's" cottage stood at the end of the long row. It was a neat little home, and the room where "Grandmère" lay was clean and bright.

It had indeed been a long day, and there would be no rest for her in the long night that was setting in, for the pain in her poor old body was unceasing. The withered face resting on the spotless pillow was drawn and worn by suffering, but it changed wonderfully when the Curé entered. A chair was placed at her bedside, and he asked her very gently about her suffering, and listened pitingly to her murmured answer that it was more than she could bear. Her face was very patient, almost happy when he left her half an hour later, for, had not "Père Jean" told her that all the pain she was enduring might be winning salvation not alone for herself, but for some poor sinner, and that when she arrived in heaven—perhaps very soon, le Bon Dien would thank her for the soul she had won back to Him.

"Come and serve the early mass tomorrow, petit Paul," the Curé said, as the little boy escorted him to the door, and the child, feeling very important, promised to be punctual.

It was now almost dark, but instead of turning homewards, the priest continued on into the country. That instinct of loneliness which seeks rather than shuns solitude, made him long to be alone.

How calm and restful it was beyond the village, with the stars overhead and the green silence of the hills around. But, with the peace of nature surrounding him, his own heart did not grow calmer. There was still that deep sorrow that he had done so little for his Master. In his great loneliness and regret his thoughts flew with intense love and longing to his boyhood's friend. If only he could see him, just for a moment feel the warm clasp of his hand and read in his eyes the assurance that he understood what had not even been expressed.

It was strange that there came to him no sweet soothing message telling him that his life had not been the useless one he thought it, but an infinitely beautiful one in its humility and unselfishness. Quiet and peaceful it had undoubtedly been, but full of a devotion to duty, which had dignified and ennobled, raising it far above the place of the commonplace to the level of the heroic.

The nameless, countless acts of goodness, of which in his humility, he was unconscious, had not been unseen by the recording angel, and the influence of his bright example would live on after he had passed away.

But the silence and solitude brought him no such cheerful tidings, and slowly and wearily he walked on.

But now he must turn homeward he told himself; he would rest only a little while on this doorstep before retracing his way. He had been there but a moment when he was startled by a hand on his shoulder. "Come inside and rest—it is cold and dark there!"

To the priest's amazement he saw it was the hunch-back who had spoken, and who now threw open the door of his tiny cabin, revealing a bright fire within.

"Thank you, Pierre, I shall come in and warm myself, for I am a little cold," the Curé answered simply. "And tired," the man added briefly. "You are very tired." He drew a chair up to the cherry blaze, but ventured no further remark when the priest sank into it and stretched out his hands to the warmth.

The Curé noticed how bare and comfortless the room was, such a room as only a solitary man can have.

He realized suddenly how strange it was that he should be sitting there after having failed repeatedly in his efforts to plead with this man. Had he indeed softened? No, the half averted face was cold and grim as ever, as the cripple moved about

among the remains of his scanty meal, seemingly oblivious of his visitor's presence. Then in a flash the priest understood it all! The man had suffered some cruel blow besides the maiming of his body, but he was desperately proud, so that any pity was to him inexpressibly galling. Nevertheless had he not yielded to a generous impulse in offering hospitality to the Curé whom he had avoided for years?

If he could not let a tired man rest upon his doorstep without inviting him to his fireside, then, indeed, there was good in "le Crache" still. And as the Curé sat there, watching the half averted face in the shadow, he was conscious of a deeper pity than he had yet felt for this strange lonely creature. The ache in his own breast was forgotten and his heart went out to the other man in a rush of fatherly sympathy, still his voice was only quiet and friendly, when he said at last:

"You are too generous with this splendid fire of your, Pierre, for you to give it all to me, surely there is enough of it for both of us. Come, draw up your chair, mon ami."

The man hesitated, then slowly, and with obvious reluctance brought a stool to the other end of the chimney, where he remained with his face still averted. There was silence. The priest was inwardly praying for light and guidance, for he felt that his presence there was due to no mere accident and that he might yet win back his black sheep.

"Do you still care for apples, Pierre?" he asked suddenly; then, as the hunchback turned a surprised and distrustful face towards him, he continued; "Why don't you remember when you used to come to my house and beg for an apple off my one tree? The frost killed that tree last winter, Pierre,—and I have none for the children now."

"Yes, I remember," the other answered slowly, "I have never tasted apples like those."

"That is indeed a compliment," said the Curé, brightly, "and one which I must repeat to Madam Latour, for she loved that tree as a child, and was quite heart-broken when it died."

There was a softer look on the man's face as he said almost timidly, "I threshed a boy once for stealing some of those apples, he was bigger than I was, but I made him throw them back over your gate." Then he added bitterly, "I could not thrash any child now."

"Pierre, my poor dear boy, tell me all about it." There was such an eager, loving appeal in the cry—the cry of a father to a son, and in the outstretched hands, that the poor fellow could not resist it, and so sitting there while the firelight threw its ruddy light around the little room, he told his sad story. How he had gone away to the city full of life and hope, eager to make his way, caring little how hard he had to work. Promotion had

followed—and love. They were to have been married within a week when the accident happened—he had been caught up by the machinery and terribly mangled. He had been weeks in the hospital and then emerged—to be told that the girl he loved had become engaged to another man. "How could she marry a hunchback?" she asked him, and so, embittered in spirit, and shattered in body, he had come back to spend his poor, shackled life in his old home.

"Ah, Père Jean!" he cried bitterly, "you do not know what it is to have a hope, which is part of one's very life, crushed; to lose in a moment the joy and independence of youth, and become instead a miserable castaway who can look forward only to the grave; who can never realize anything of what he had hoped for—to look back upon disappointment, to feel that the future holds only disappointment. God it not just, I tell you, or he could not let such things be. You, whose whole life has been so useful and happy—you cannot know how bitter it is to feel one is useless, wanted by no one—needed by no one—*a failure*—you cannot understand."

Was it because he understood so well that the priest's face was so tender when he went over and put his arm around the poor crooked shoulders with almost a mother's touch? Surely, when he spoke there was that in his voice which showed he understood as only a fellow sufferer can understand. His words were full of sympathy that does not hurt and they brought sweet comfort at last, for the man's proud face was burried in his hands, and all the years of bitter loneliness were washed away in tears of sorrow and repentence.

It was very late when the Curé left the little cottage and turned homeward. His heart was full of a great joy and a deep gratitude that his wandering sheep had come home at last. He did not realize how long the road was until he stood by his own door, and saw the lamp placed at the window by Madame Latour's thoughtful hand.

But he must not go to bed just yet. He passed his own house and entered the church beyond. Under the red light before the tabernacle he fell on his knees.

"My God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee," he repeated over and over again, and then—it was the prayer of a tired child. "Father, I have done so little, but I have done my best."

It was "petit Paul" who, coming in to serve the early mass, and coming early in his desire to be punctual, wondered to see the Curé half kneeling, half leaning against the altar rail. He crept up softly and touched the priest's arm. Père Jean," he whispered; then louder, "Père Jean." But there was no response, and doubtful and afraid, he knew not why, the child turned and ran away. For during the night the summans had

come, and the pale, upturned face wore a strange, sweet smile which told of peace eternal.

* * * * * * * * *

Sainte Barbe was so far off the beaten road that the arrival of the mail was no small event. Twice a week a man went to St. Clovis (Sainte Barbe had no Post Office) and returned with the long brown sack. Then all the villagers assembled to talk over the contents of the letter bag and discuss the news of the papers.

A little group gathered in front of the doctor's house, as he read aloud from his doorstep. Madame Latour was there, and the notary, and there too was le Croche—crooked still—but a useful and respected man once more.

Wonderful things did the hunchback with his nimble fingers, which were seldom idle. Always surrounded by little ones clamoring for his well-told stories, he never seemed to tire of them, and all the mothers were deeply grateful to the hunchback. And the most earnest subject of speculation in Sainte Barbe was "what *could* have changed "le Croche!"

The doctor on this occasion read from a three days' old paper, but one item had a special significance for the good folks. It contained an account of a little band of missionaries in China who were captured by some natives. It was reported that the first victim, an old priest, who had long been noted for his great zeal and eloquence, was put to death amid great tortures, but his courage did not flag, and he died urging his persecutors to repent. So great was the effect of his words and bravery, that the wretches were seized with awe, and released the other prisoners. while many asked to be baptized on the spot.

There was silence for a moment after the doctor had finished, and then Madame Latour said with a little sob, "If Père Jean only knew, he would be so proud of him."

"Perhaps he does know," the doctor answered gravely. "The missionary died on the first Friday, our Curé on the eve of it. Now, allowing for the difference in time, they died on the same day—perhaps at the same hour, who knows," he added.

The Seven Holy Sleepers

This beautiful and touching story, like those of many other saints, has been heard time and again by well taught Catholics even in the days of childhood, but like those edifying histories, it bears repetition, and ought even to prompt our piety to greater fervor. How often, when deprived of refreshing slumber, will not a prayer to this holy band bring the needed repose? It happened that the seven holy sleepers of Ephesus entered into their miraculous slumber when Decius was Emperor, and during the roll of centuries did not awaken until Theodosius II. sat on the throne of the Eastern Empire.

God works His miracles with some great end in view; sometimes in order to prove the sanctity of some faithful servant, again to show His utter detestation of some vice, and often to force on the weak, doubting mind of man the conviction of some saving truth.

Let then, the miraculous sleep of these seven heroes help to strengthen our belief in the resurrection of the body, and let us read it with more than ordinary reverence.

Decius was a fierce and unscrupulous devotee of the gods. He had reached the summit of human power by slaying in battle his predecessor, Philip, who himself had murdered the virtuous Gordian; and now he sought to signalize his reign by destroying the Christian religion. In vain six emperors before him had sought the same impious end. Their failure moved him not, and at the altar of his monstrous deities, patrons of every vice, Christians paid in countless numbers with their hearts' best blood for their worship of their crucified Saviour.

As soon as his dreadful edict—"Sacrifice to the gods or die" —reached Ephesus, our heroes were dragged before the Emperor and denounced as Christians. They were seven sturdy brothers and their names were Constantine, Denis, John, Serapion, Maximian, Malchus and Marcian.

They boldly confessed the faith, but Decius, he scarcely knew why, allowed them a respite of several days, to renounce, if they would, their resolutions at the prospect of a horrible death. They employed it instead in distributing all they possessed to the poor. Then, clambering up Mount Celion, they hid themselves in a cavern to await in peace and prayer the coming of better days.

One evening Malchus stole down to the city disguised as a physician. The news he heard gave him small consolation. Decius was furious at their escape and had given orders that they be hunted down like beasts and be compelled to offer the

pagan sacrifice. He had even threatened their parents with execution unless they revealed their hiding place, but the aged couple could only answer that their sons had divided their goods among the poor and had disappeared.

Hastily buying some provisions, Malchus returned to his brethren, who increased their prayers at the tidings he brought. Tired, by and by, as even the saddest and most fearful will become, they sought relief in slumber. Commending themselves to Christ and His martyrs, they stretched themselves along the stony floor and were soon lost in profound sleep. Little they thought, as their eyelids closed, of the sacred mission God was saving for them.

The soldiers of Decius scoured the country, far and wide, to discover the fugitives. At last they ascended the mountain and entered one of its wildest glens. Here they came upon the half hidden mouth of the cavern.

"Ho, ho!" cried one of the band, "perhaps the rascally Christians are hiding within; but," he added, hesitatingly, "night is on us, and, by the gods, it were no pleasant task to explore those frowning recesses."

"If that is their den they shall stay there,"' cruelly laughed the leader.

"Block up the entrance with stones, and let them die in the spot they have chosen."

The inhuman mandate was quickly obeyed. Great boulders were piled across the opening and rolled in deep enough and wedged so securely as to prevent all possible escape. The sildiers then withdrew and the good Malchus and his brothers were soon forgotten by their persecutors. The Christians, on the contrary, revered their memory as martyrs, not knowing, however, that they had been shut up in the cavern as in a living tomb.

The judgment of God overtook the impious Decius. In a war with the Goths he was betrayed into a great swamp, where he and his army perished miserably. His successor, Gallus, continued the persecution of the church, and met with an equally wretched ending. Aemilian was emperor only four months, when his troops rose up and murdered him. Next came Valerian, who started a fresh persecution which lasted three years, and the hand of the Lord fell heavily upon him, so that he was flayed alive by the Persian King Sapor. Two persecutions more, under Aurelian and Diocletian, spent themselves in impotent fury against the Church of God. Thus throne after throne was set up, only to be tumbled again into the dust.

New nations arose, and all the face of the earth underwent a mighty change; but the sleepers of Mount Celion slept on.

The illustrious Constantine finally mounted the Roman throne A flaming cross in the sky, written round about with the Greek words: "In this sign shalt thou conquer," led him to embrace

the true faith. With his powerful aid Christianity soon flourished the wide world over; but, alas, the ever active enemy of souls now made fresh assaults against the church more dangerous than that of bloody persecution. Heresy and schism were now his insidious weapons to rend the seamless garment of Christ, and in the time of Theodosius II., who wore the imperial purple in the East while Honorius ruled the Western Empire, many men were found who dared to deny the resurrection of the dead.

The stones meantime had already been taken from the entrance to the cavern, where the seven sleepers slumbered. A neighboring farmer had carried them off to assist him in building a stable. Suddenly, one day, the sleepers awoke. It seemed but yesterday that they had lain down, and, unsuspecting the mighty changes that had been wrought in the outer world, Malchus started forth again to buy provisions. His brothers awaited his return in suspense, debating the chances of a change of heart in Decius.

We can easily fancy the amazement of Malchus at all he beheld. Instead of the well-known images of heathen gods, the sign of the cross saluted him everywhere.

Instead of pagan temples, reeking with the slaughter of beeves, he passed a Christian church, through whose open portals floated out the chanting of Christ's own canticles. Could he be dreaming, or was he the victim of some unholy spell? He would purchase his bread as fast as possible and fly the place. But this was not so easily done.

Hardly had he entered a store and offered in payment some coins stamped with the image of Decius, when the baker hesitated and began to confer with his assistants in whispers. Had they penetrated his disguise? Would they drag him to the Emperor? He turned in haste to quit the store, when immediately they threw themselves upon him and held him fast.

"You must have found a treasure," they exclaimed, "tell us where it is and we shall share it together. But, conceal it, and away you go with us before the judge."

More bewildered than ever, the youth could make no reply. Enraged at his silence, the bakers dragged him roughly away to the market place where a great mob soon surrounded him, and the story of a great hidden treasure soon spread through the town. Malchus was helpless. No friends were near, and in the excitement no one thought explaining to him the cause of the disturbance. He might have fared ill at the hands of the mob, had not the news been carried to the Governor, Antipater, and the Bishop, Martin.

Summoned before these officials, Malchus was ordered to tell where the treasure was, and where he himself resided. In vain he denied that he knew of any money except the few pieces in his purse and asserted himself a citizen of Ephesus. He was

thereupon ordered to name his relations but in doing so none could be found.

"Tell us, then," demanded the Governor, now convinced that the youth was an imposter, "how you came by this money. It bears the image of Decius who died centuries ago. Acknowledge the truth, or a dungeon awaits you."

"Answer me first one question," replied the puzzled Malchus, "what became of Decius, and who is Emperor now?"

"My son," replied the Bishop, "Decius was slain in battle against the Goths, and left a heritage of bitter persecution against the church, which did not desist until the night Constantine ascended the throne and gave the Christians peace and power. Our present emperor is the pious Theodosius, the Second."

"Then am I lost for an explanation," continued Malchus. "It seems but yesterday that my six brothers and I fled from the pitiless Decius and secreted ourselves in a cave on Mount Celion. We fell asleep and only awoke this morning to find all things transformed. Come and discover the truth with me."

The Bishop and the Governor granted his request, full of astonishment; and a vast multitude followed them up the mountain side to the cavern. There, indeed, they were overawed to find the six brothers kneeling in prayer, their faces aglow, with youthful health and a heavenly radiance beaming on their countenances.

Their story was told in a moment or two. Its truth was evident beyond all doubt.

The Bishop, the Governor, and all the people joined the seven martyrs in a paean of thanksgiving and wonder.

Theodosius himself was speedily informed of the miracle and hastened to the cave. The moment he entered, the faces of the martyrs grew as radiant as the sun, and struck with their supernatural beauty, he embraced them with a transport of fervor.

"To behold you thus awakened," he exclaimed, "is for me as if I were present with our Saviour when He called back Lazarus to life."

"Live," answered Maximin, "it is indeed to strengthen thy faith that Christ has restored us to life. We seven are but an image of all mankind.

As we have risen from our slumber of centuries, so shall every man rise again. Doubt not, therefore, but tell thy people this story, and spread throughout the world thy testimony to the resurrection of the dead."

"So saying, Maximin called to his brethren and bade them kneel again in prayer. In this attitude even while the wondering people were still gazing upon them in awe, they sank sweetly into the slumber of death, to share forever the glory of Him, to whose faith they had borne such miraculous testimony."

Indian Rest or Little Diamond Island

As the Sun this evening is sinking below the horizon in the Western sky, after shedding its bright rays all over our famous Wyoming Valley of Historic Renown, my thoughts carry me back to a few months ago when I witnessed the same "King of Day" going to sleep in the arms of the Ocean at dear Indian Rest. How I love to dwell on that enchanted spot of rich rustic beauty, with its stately oaks guarding the frontier, and its musical pines singing in the breeze; nor is it bereft of rich foliage either, for berry bushes and shrubbery form almost a hedge along the Northeast bank from the cottage; but it is the view of the Bay which captivates you, for from any point on the Island, you can see it with its numerous crafts, launches and sail boats plying the waters of the mighey deep with their cargo of human freight, off for a "day's outing," to some of the islands which dot the Bay: like so many exquisite flowers in a garden bed.

Oh! what thoughts crowd your brain as you view that immense body of water whose waves, when they wear their "white caps" rise and roar, and dash to the shore, as if they would engulf the whole Island, and lo! then peacefully recede with a murmur sweeter than any music you ever heard. Now, how account for the change in Neptune's Course: simply this, "He, who controls the winds and waves" says, "So far wilt thou go and no farther." But at night the landscape changes, the boats like "Crystal Palaces" glide up and down the calm sea, scarcely making a ripple in the waves; so placid is the scene, that it reminds one of the days long ago in Galilee, when the Master so often spoke to the multitude from Peter's Bark. These are peaceful thoughts to bring with you to your own little "nest" in the college. During the day the soldiers frequently "cross the Bar" from Great Diamond Island and pass in detachments to the terminal, and when the children see them, they all with one voice cry out "there go Mother Raymond's Soldier Boys." Even this little episode relieves the monotony of the scene.

The only two cottages in which I am interested are the ones occupied by the Sisters of Mercy and the Orphans of the Portland Diocese. They are indeed rustic, but by deft fingers have been made convenient and homelike, their style bordering on the useful, rather than the ornamental. I want to add here a few words about these "Little Ones," who are harbored and cared for by the good Sisters of Mercy: When I was at "Indian

Rest" there were about sixty-five orphans under the Sisters' care and I really never saw a happier nor finer class of children anywhere. What amused me exceedingly was their eagerness for a "dip" in the ocean. When the word was given for their ablution, a burst of silvery laughter rang out on the air, and their little feet simply flew along the plain, giving them for all the world, the appearance of a "flock of birds" on their homeward flight, so delighted were they to go for their bath. As soon as they returned from the water, off they would go to pick berries for the evening meal, and when that task was over they brought their little cups and tins brimfull of the juicy fruit for Mother Angela's approving smile, then they all scampered off light of heart and gay of step to their games and toys. One almost feels the reality of that quotation, "Turn backward, yes backward, Time in thy flight, make me a child again just for to-night."

Be patient with me a little longer until I describe Sunday morning's mass, I do not think I shall ever forget it. Dr. Kirby of "The Washington University" was the Celebrant, and surely the congregation was Cosmopolitan, as it was composed of: Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Orphans, Ladies from the Fort and the Sisters. There we all knelt in the presence of Him, where creed or color matters not, and I doubt, if our dear Lord was ever more devoutly worshipped anywhere, than in that little rustic chapel by the sea. To help us in our fervor Dr. Kirby gave a beautiful instruction choosing for his topic, Honor, Self-respect and Moral Courage. The ease with which the speaker handled his subject, and the beautiful simplicity of his language, touched a chord in every heart of his little audience and made each one feel like the Prodigal Son, that he would arise *at once* and go to his Father and beg forgiveness for past transgressions, and enroll himself under the banner of the Crucified King forever.

Now, there is just one little corner of Indian Rest not described, it is the Government Post which stands on an eminence about one hundred feet from the Cottage. Yes! there it stands, like Thor (the God of War) to shield our home-coming ships from harm, and to protect friendly Cruisers along the coast, or extend a helping hand in danger. How grateful we should all be, to live under the Stars and Stripes, and in a Republic where such harmony prevails, and where the Flag of the Free floats O'er the breeze. God bless America the home of so many loyal sons of both Church and Country.

Now I must say farewell to Little Diamond Island with all its beauties, its pleasant reminiscences, and loving memories, with a fond hope still lurking in my old heart, that "Some day I'll wander back again," who can tell, yes, back to the Island and Friends I love so well.

A VISITOR FROM WILKES-BARRE, PENN.

Editorials

BASEBALL AND FOOT BALL.

The annual base and foot ball seasons bring into prominence quite a number of our Catholic young men who are deserving of praise not only on account of their sportsmanship but still more so because of their practical Christian lives. The prominence which our country gives to these sports, naturally give them a notoriety which they would not otherwise enjoy, and it is consequently, a source of consolation to the Church to observe that her sons while in the sunshine of the most popular applause, do not forget their religious duties, many of them in fact making it a point to approach the Sacraments before entering a serious contest. Many of the best men on the Champion Colby 1914 "Eleven" are the worthy sons of Catholic parents. Young men like Dacey, Golden, Cauley, Prendergast, and Launey, do not lose anything by being practical in their religious duties; on the contrary, their example is held up by all as worthy of emulation.

ST. AGATHA'S CHURCH, ST. AGATHA, AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

The Rev. E. Etenaud has kindly furnished the details which enable us to give a brief notice to the 25th anniversary of the founding of the parish of St. Agatha, which will be celebrated Dec. 8th, this present year.

In 1889 in order to accommodate the Catholic people living in this section at quite a distance from their parish churches of St. David and St. Luce, Bishop Healy decided on the formation of a new Parish at St. Agatha which by including the distant families of both St. David's and St. Luce's parishes would give to our Madawaska Catholics in this vicinity much greater facilities for the practice of their religion.

Father Etenaud who was named pastor of the new parish, assembled his people on Sunday, December 8th, 1889, the Festival of the Immaculate Conception at the home of Elzear Michaud where the first high mass in the present parish of St. Agatha was chanted by the pastor at an improvised altar in the midst of his flock. On the evening of the same day, the parishioners again assembled to consider the question of a site for their new church. As a result of their deliberations, the

lot on which St. Agatha's present church edifice now stands was unanimously selected.

This same year, the mission of St. Eutrope situated on the Fort Kent and Caribou road was established by Father Etenaud who continued to hold services here at regular intervals until his transfer to St. David's.

In a distant country region, where the entire population was Catholic, of the French language, largely descendants of the old Acadian settlers, the day of the first Mass especially when a Sunday celebrated by the shepherd surrounded by his flock amid the informal surroundings of a good Catholic family home, should be an event that would long remain in the memories of all present, and the worthy celebration after the snows of 25 long Madawaska winters have passed, should be a scene of joy and Christian consolation to the surviving generation as well as to the aged Father Etenaud, now living in retirement amid the very scenes in which he took such a prominent part twenty-five years ago.

CATHOLIC HISTORY OF AUGUSTA.

In connection with the article on the history of the Church in Augusta, we might add that there are probably many in and about the Capital city, who might be able to afford our Diocesan Historical Magazine, matter of historic interest and real worth in the history of the Faith in Maine. The brief outline given in this issue could be supplemented by many interesting details on those not so very distant days, when the forefathers of the present generation were establishing themselves, and gradually forming the first Catholic congregation in the present city of Augusta.

People frequently treasure old letters from this or that friend, or from some of the early priests connected with the parish during its formation days, which if read closely in connection with facts available, enables one to get an accurate account of the growth of the Church and her trials in a past generation. For instance, some one may yet be living that used to actually walk to Whitefield to assist at Mass on Sundays, or who have in their possession documents of one kind or another whose publication would be of historic value. Again we not unfrequently meet people well along in years whose minds are very retentive and well stored with the memories of the past, but who have never committed the same to paper. To all such, we would say that their assistance in the present work will be duly appreciated.

A CATHOLIC DAILY.

We frequently hear a great many of our well meaning Catholic friends say; "Oh if we only had a good Catholic weekly!" Without doubt it would be something very desirable, but it would have to be supported, and here is where the rub would come. We have many excellent Catholic weeklies in different parts of our country, papers which are furnishing the best possible thought, and whose editors are wearing out their very lives striving to keep the eternal truths before their subscribers in a way that will make them attractive and at the same time serve their purpose of upbuilding and elevating the human mind. In this laudable undertaking they are succeeding, but their success is not bringing them any kind of a living at all, and their papers valuable as they surely are, can barely pay their bills to say nothing of giving a respectable existence to good Catholic laymen certainly deserving of a better fate.

The support of a paper, unless endowed, and we believe that it would be a most worthy work to thus remember, must depend on two sources, the good will of its subscribers and advertisers. It must have its place in our many Catholic homes and be read by our Catholic people, before it can appeal for a part of the legitimate advertising that is being passed about. We say 'be read' for we fear that even many of those who feel that they should have a Catholic weekly in their homes, do not read it very closely, many satisfying themselves with the 'Personals' or 'Locals' which are usually culled from the dailies and have in consequence already been read, hence are found to be stale. The doctrinal and educational parts are considered dry, and the little story whose aim is to edify and build character is too tame to hold their interest. Thus after a year or so the paper remains unread if not unopened, so what need is there to renew the subscription. And yet when the paper has to finally suspend publication because of lack of support, we find many who are surprised that nothing is done by the Church authorities in behalf of a worthy cause. We know for a fact that it not unfrequently happens that the ones loudest in expressing their regrets, are actually owing several years' subscription to the defunct weekly. Here is where the difficulty comes, while many do not read their papers, there are many who do not even pay for them. And some of these are the very ones who proclaim their eagerness to have a weekly instead of a monthly.

And then the Catholic daily that is so frequently discussed throughout the length and breadth of our great country. No one doubts but what it would render great service, but could it succeed?

This question has recently been considered by the Rev. Ernest R. Hill, S. J., in the Bombay Examiner in which Father

Hill after treating the issue at length, justly concludes that its success would have to depend on the general as well as the Catholic public.

"People in general" says the Rev. Jesuit, "will subscribe to a paper for four reasons taken together: (1) because it gives them what they want; (2) because it is fairly cheap at the price; (3) because they can afford to pay the price; and (4) because they cannot get the paper without paying the price.

"What do the general public want? They want the daily telegrams: secondly, the daily current events; as much sensational reading as they can get; as much curious reading as they can get; for the most part as little serious reading as possible. In particular they do not want anything about Catholic affairs except in the way of scandals. A knock at the Church is a first class amusement. If not forecoming they begin to miss it. They like a smattering of science which bowls over old beliefs. They read with avidity about suicides and murders and conspiracies and robberies and divorces; but they cannot stand preaching on virtues—at least not much of it. Still less would they stand for anything like religious doctrines in the defense of the Church or of the Faith. In short, with the general public any paper to be a success must be an out and out secular paper; negatively unreligious at least, though not positively irreligious; negatively un-Catholic at least, though not positively anti-Catholic. A Catholic daily should have to exclude many popular but undesirable features. It should not on principle supply the public with certain things they want; and it would and must, also on principle, fill up the space left vacant with things which the general public does not want. Hence with the general public it would never prove a success. Therefore a Catholic daily paper would have to depend for its subscribers almost exclusively on Catholics. This leads us to the question: What does the Catholic reading public want?

"First, a certain number of the Catholic reading public do not want distinctively Catholic reading. They are glad to have it once a week; but I think one might count on one's fingers the few who want it once a day.

What they want once a day is just what their fellow creatures outside want—telegrams, current news, an amount of sensationalism short of purient and indecent; items of amusement and curiosity. A paper conducted on Catholic principles of of exclusion must leave out a good deal of which they would enjoy in some purely secular rival; it might seem a rather dull affair in comparison. The distinctively Catholic matter most of them would skip. It is far too serious and requires too much careful reading to serve them as common daily food."

N. B. We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the New York Freeman's Journal for the above quotation from Father

Hill's excellent article on this timely and very important question on the existence of an exclusively Catholic daily.

THE MEXICAN SITUATION.

The Boston Transcript in its issue of November 14th severely arraigns our present National Administration for its Mexican Policy and its declared purpose of withdrawing the American forces from Vera Cruz at an early date.

"The seizure of Vera Cruz," says the Transcript, "was made under false pretenses; it was accomplished at the needless sacrifice of the lives of twenty bluejackets and marines and more than three hundred Mexicans. The salute to the flag was but the excuse for landing, not the cause, and the demand for that salute was withdrawn without any serious attempt at enforcing it. The army relieved the Navy as a supposed step towards effective intervention, but the Administration's "Mexican impolicy" has kept General Funston and his forces hemmed up in an unhealthy city and denied them permission even to erect minor defenses against attack. Meanwhile the presence of our troups has increased the hatred and contempt in which men and things American are held throughout Mexico today. Twice within the last three months Washington has officially announced the home coming of the expeditionary force, only to recall the promise a few days later. We hope the third published pledge will be fulfilled next Monday week regardless of intervening events or future consequences.

"If we take our promised leave of Vera Cruz on November 23, what will have been accomplished for Mexico by the expedition? Today the words of Senator Lodge find striking confirmation: 'There is no peace in Mexico or with Mexico.' Our troops leave Vera Cruz in response to the insistent demands of Mexicans of all factions. They leave behind them a state of anarchy more widespread if not worse than anything they found upon their arrival in the dark days of Huerta. Villa and Carranza, whose forces the Wilson administration aided and abetted, are now at war with each other? Both of these bandits bid us begone that they may continue their warfare unhampered by any foreign or 'watchful waiters.' The taking of Vera Cruz accomplished nothing for Mexico save to prolong the period of internecene strife. As for our relations with that stricken country, the occupation has made us more hated in Mexico and other Latin-American countries than ever. The Mexican people give us no credit for limiting our occupation to their principal port. They attribute it to the fear of our soldiers to go beyond the range of the guns of our battleships in the harbor. So the Mexican people will believe

that the forecoming evacuation has been dictated by the fear of an attack from the armies of Villa and Carranza Nevertheless, we can better afford to get out of Mexico, withdraw our troops from Vera Cruz and our fleet from Mexican waters, and adopt a policy of "Hands off" until the nation forces this administration or elects another to restore peace in Mexico by effective intervention, and discharge with fidelity and without fear our responsibilities under the Monroe Doctrine." We consider the position of the Transcript well taken as far as it goes. It places Villa, Carranza, etc., in the category where they justly belong simply "Bandits" who know no law or virtue, it places the responsibility for the condition of anarchy now universal in our unhappy sister republic at the door of our present administration. The Transcript, however, might well have taken a step farther and said a word about not only the civic disorder, but also the awful state to which religion has been brought by these very bandits so long upheld and supported by our government. They are no strangers to the Wilson administration; it is hard to see how it can plead ignorance of their real motives, when for months past nothing but a tale of woe has followed the trail of their depredations. Special agents Lind and Hale must have realized the kind of men with whom they were treating, if they did not they must indeed have been stupid. The sickening recitals of the outraged nuns, the murdered priests, the plundered churches, convents, houses of education, hospitals, etc., facts well established and accompanied by the testimony of reliable witnesses, constitute a terrible burden which must be borne by the present administration which had done so much to place these wretches in power, to whom the Catholic religion in all its purity, or the well meaning of any sect, can never hope to appeal. For such there is only one argument; the strong arm of law and order is the only remedy, and if our government, as the Transcript has well implied, is lacking in strength and courage to undo its own mistakes, it better continue its "hands off" policy until replaced by one more representative of real American sentiment, and more deserving of that true loyalty, which is always accorded the representatives of law and order by all devoted children of the Church.

Letter of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons

The Cardinal's Residence,
408 North Charles Street,
Baltimore, Md.

With the approach of the First Sunday in Advent, the day appointed by the Holy See for the Annual Collection in favor of the Catholic University of America, the Board of Trustees appeals most earnestly to the distinguished members of our American hierarchy, to our devoted clergy, and our faithful people for a continuance of the support which they have given so generously in former years. Without this popular aid, so cordially bestowed, the University would languish, and Holy Church would be deprived of an institution which daily grows more useful to her highest interests, and has already earned unqualified praise from those best qualified to appreciate educational progress. Almost daily Catholic men and women, from every part of the Union, visit the University, and are pleased to note the substantial improvements that each year brings with it. Since our last appeal we have been able, with the aid of our Catholic people, to begin a new Dining Hall which seats over four hundred lay students, and when finished will care for over eight hundred; a new Chemical Laboratory which when completed will provide daily instruction for five hundred students; a new residence hall for graduate students with accommodations for forty; an additional hall for fifty undergraduates, besides a serviceable laboratory of mechanical engineering.

These new buildings are all in keeping with the splendid Cardinal Gibbons Memorial Hall, and constitute today one of the attractions of the National Capital. We recall with pleasure the noble words of our beloved colleague, Archbishop Ryan, that "when the people in general, in obedience to the express wish of the Supreme Head of the Church made it their very own by contributing to its support and sending their sons to its halls, it became the Catholic University in the truest sense of the word, and began that rapid, healthy growth which predicts early maturity and long life."

Our late Holy Father, Pius the Tenth, always considered the growth of the Catholic University as one of the most encouraging signs of our powerful Catholic life, and only a few weeks

before he died, declared to the Rector that the hand of God was visible in its progress and success. "We clearly understand," Pope Pius wrote last year to Cardinal Gibbons, "how much a Catholic University of high repute and influence can do toward spreading and upholding Catholic doctrine and furthering the cause of civilization. To protect it, therefore, and to quicken its growth, is, in our judgment, equivalent to rendering the most valuable service to religion and country alike."

The work that lies before the University is a vast one, and the means that we possess, though in themselves large, are inadequate, without the support of the Catholic people, for the competition into which we must enter with the great non-Catholic institutions of the land, on which American generosity showers gifts of fabulous size. With the modest income at our disposal we have not only kept alive this great and holy work, but have made yearly a substantial improvement. The professional body has been enlarged, particularly in the School of Sciences, new buildings have been constructed, more land has been secured, and in general a solid and healthy growth is visible on all sides. The yearly increase in the number of lay students is so large and so regular that we can look forward to a near future when our young students shall be counted by the thousands, and when every Catholic community in the nation shall have its representatives in this great central school of the American Catholic Church.

Such a strong and independent centre of the best studies will be an incomparable benefit to all sections of the country, providing as it will professors, courses, libraries, laboratories, collections, and varied opportunities which local generosity could with difficulty bring together and utilize in the most efficient way. Our Catholic University is the natural place where our young priests should obtain that superior training which enables them to become profound students of Divine Revelation, powerful and eloquent preachers of the word of God, efficient helpers in the diocesan administration, professors in our eccleciastical seminaries, superintendents of our parochial schools, writers and journalists of the best reputation, finished scholars in every branch of learning. It is impossible to over-estimate the services which a University, free from partisan or sectarian bias, and guided by the spirit of our immemorial Catholic faith, can render the cause of true religion, by training its ministers in every form of intellectual excellence, and thereby proving by facts that our holy religion welcomes and encourages all the gifts and conquests of reason.

Similarly, our young lady students, enjoying the advantages of the highest education under the guidance of the Catholic Church, will love and respect her from their tender youth, will see in her the leader of peoples and nations in the way of real progress and true civilization, will behold in their Catholic pro-

fessors men of the highest attainments and noblest character, and will one day themselves rank among the foremost exponents and defenders of our American life and institutions.

We appeal, therefore, with all confidence to our Catholic people for a generous continuance of the support which in the past they have given the Catholic University, and we point to the broad development it now shows as an evidence of the strong new life which fills it, and which fills also with joy all those who have watched over its growth and prayed for its success. The Catholic University is the natural crown of our schools and our colleges, and is alone the logical finish to the system of religious education for which we have made and expect to make many sacrifices. No institution in our country is dearer to the Holy See than the Catholic University, which it has ever fostered and protected with the correct instinct of the Successors of Peter for intellectual greatness in the services of Jesus Christ. We appeal particularly to those whom God has blessed with abundant means to reflect earnestly on their duty towards this great central school of the Church, which now, more than ever, needs endowments, scholarships, and special gifts, and is now more than ever in a condition to utilize large donations for the common welfare of our Catholic youth. Let them emulate our non-Catholic brethren who do not hesitate to give abundantly of their wealth, and often bestow their entire fortunes in the service of purely secular education.

Twenty-five years age we put our hands to the plow in the work of Catholic higher education. Let us not falter, nor turn back dismayed by material considerations. Let us rather take heart from the large success already assured, and make our own the courageous words of Bishop Spalding in that clarion cry with which he electrified his hearers at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore: "Let there be, therefore, an American Catholic University where our young men, in the atmosphere of faith and purity, shall become more intimately conscious of the truth of their religion and of the genius of their country, where they shall learn the repose and dignity which belong to their ancient Catholic descent, and yet not lost the fire which glows in the blood of a new people; to which from every part of the land our eyes may turn for guidance and encouragement, seeking light and self-confidence from men in whom intellectual power is not separated from moral purpose; who look to God and His Universe from bending knees of prayer; who uphold the cause of Christ and civil liberty, as one and moving to one glorious end." Faithfully yours in Xto,

✠ J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore,
Chancellor of the Catholic University.

Statistics of the Parochial School System of the Diocese of Portland

We herewith subjoin some statistics of the parochial school system of the Diocese of Portland, being coterminous with the State of Maine. As will be noted there are now 28 cities and towns in the State wherein parochial schools are in operation, with a total actual attendance of 13,578 children. To the remarks herein given will be added further comments in succeeding numbers of the magazine.

School	Boys	Girls	Total
Portland, Catholic Institute	262		262
Portland, Kavanagh		528	528
Portland, Sacred Heart	270		270
Portland, St. Dominic's	163	311	474
Portland, St. Joseph's Academy		76	76
Auburn, St. Louis'	247	344	591
Augusta, St. Augustine's	271	298	569
Augusta, St. Mary's	55	67	122
Bangor, St. John's	247	363	610
Bangor, St. Mary's	178	189	367
Bar Harbor, St. Edward's	33	21	54
Bath, St. Mary's	66	53	119
Biddeford, St. Andrew's	319	355	674
Biddeford, St. Joseph's	415	492	907
Biddeford, St. Mary's	151	170	321
Brunswick, St. John's	289	287	576
Calais, St. Mary's	40	67	107
Chisholm, St. Rose's	16	38	54
Fairfield, St. Mary's	88	104	192
Ft. Kent, St. Louis'	188	236	424
Frenchville, St. Luce's	46	59	105
Houlton, St. Mary's	29	36	65
Jackman, Sacred Heart	121	134	255
Lewiston, St. Joseph's	116	116	232
Lewiston, St. Peter's	562	595	1157
Lewiston, Wallace	167	204	371
Lewiston, Healy	180		180
Lewiston, Girls' Orphanage		76	76
Lille, Notre Dame	35	60	95

Oldtown, St. Joseph's	182	220	402
Oldtown, St. Ann's	20	23	43
Perry, St. Ann's	25	26	51
Peter Dana's Point, St. Ann's	7	5	12
Rumford, St. John's	150	187	337
Sanford, St. Ignatius'	283	348	631
Skowhegan, St. Mary's	64	71	135
So. Berwick, St. Rose's	48	66	114
St. Agatha, St. Agatha's	57	101	158
Van Buren, St. Bruno's	121	212	333
Waterville, Notre Dame	185	205	390
Waterville, St. Francis'	242	245	487
Waterville, Mt. Merici		135	135
Westbrook, St. Hyacinth's	251	266	517
	6,189	7,389	13,578

It has been said that there is no eloquence in figures, but the above statistics are an eloquent evidence of the faith that Catholics here in Maine have in education, but in education that prepares not only for the life which now is, but likewise for the life which is to come. They tell eloquently of those Catholic parents who are building the foundation of life for their children on that word of our Lord: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" They express in works achieved the ideal of those parents: "A Christian education for Christian children in a Christian school." They denote the determination of those parents who are going to obtain for their children the right kind of education at whatever cost.

As the law is now constituted a distinctively Christian education is not obtainable in the public schools. But "seek first the kingdom of God" is the Christian maxim, and a distinctively Christian education for children is the first step, the necessary means to that end. Hence has grown up in this State, as in other places, the splendid system of Catholic schools, wherein, together with all that is obtainable in the public schools, there is to be had something that is infinitely greater and higher, namely an education in Christian spirit and doctrine, a training in Christian morals and a moulding of Christian character, based on the highest of all philosophies, that of the teachings of our divine Lord.

The figures above quoted give evidence likewise of a devotion to principle and a loyalty to conscience on the part of Catholic parents at the cost of enormous financial burdens, for besides bearing their share of the public taxes for the building, maintaining and conducting of the public schools, these Catholics, in obedience to conscience, and in order that the religious and moral interests of their little ones may be safeguarded have voluntarily

burdened themselves with the cost of building, maintaining and conducting their own separate school system.

Here in the State of Maine, apart from the cost of constructing school buildings, the annual expenditure for the maintaining and conducting of the public educational system is estimated at $3,253,932, for an average attendance of about 109,363 children, so that the per capita cost of the pupils in the public schools is about $29.75 a year. At that rate for the 13,578 children we are educating in the Catholic schools we are saving the State every year $403,945.50, not to reckon the money invested in lands and for the construction of school buildings. We pay our taxes and a portion of them is allotted for the education of children in the public schools, and thereby we are helping to pay for the education of other people's children, and at the same time we are reducing the taxes and saving the State (cities, towns, etc.) nearly a half million dollars every year, by maintaining and conducting our own schools; and all this that in a very high and true sense the word of our Lord may be fulfilled: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Here is a devotion to principle and a loyalty to conscience that costs something, and cannot but be admired by all noble minded men.

Conducting these schools, under the guidance of the respective pastors, there are 306 Sisters and 33 lay teachers. These lay teachers show a true spirit of sacrifice which is born of devotion to the principle of Christian education. In the life of the Sisters is found the realization of an ideal as heroic, as high and as holy as the world has ever seen.

Here is a noble band of women living to the fullest the religion and teaching of Jesus Christ, giving their lives wholly for His little ones, day in and day out exemplifying their teaching with their lives, enacting as they instruct in the good, the true, the beautiful, the holy. Communion with the good makes good, the noble ennobles, example is the most effective teacher. Fortunate then are our children who come under the guidance of this noble band, happy the parents who have such teachers for their children, blessed the state that has within its borders such communities of women, who by their heroic aims and holy lives lead to higher things and are the best citizen makers, and strong and mighty and enduring the system which is inspired by such high ideals, founded on such divine teaching, impregnated with such heroism, and is supported by such loyalty and devotion. Silently, sweetly, strongly and gradually, like the mighty works of nature has this system of our Catholic schools grown up, and under the blessing of the dew and sunshine of heaven is bringing forth rich and abundant fruit.

To be continued.

Catholic Schools in New York City

The report of the Educational Commissioner on the conditions existing in the public schools of New York City and the comparison which he draws between the same and the Catholic Parochial schools carried on by the Church in the same city is quite creditable to the latter. First as regards accommodations: The Board of Education has to provide accommodations for about 750,000 pupils in 530 school buildings. In the Parochial schools there are 150,000 children for whom there are 200 parish schools, showing thereby that the condition of those following the Parochial schools is far better as regards general surroundings than that of the City system.

2nd. Results: "The Parochial schools system," says the Commissioner of public education, "had progressed not only in the matter of efficiency, but also in supplying the facilities for giving every pupil a full day's instruction. There is no part time trouble in their schools. In their system they have a high school department, and they have now added a kindergarten. St. Vincent's Ferrer's Parish opened a kindergarten for the first time and has gone further than the public in instructing the young. Children four years old are received at this school; the age limit at the public kindergarten is five years." Better accommodations, full time, completer courses, such are the conclusions of the Commissioner of public education.

But in addition to all this we Catholics know that a great deal more is being done in the upbuilding of Christian character in the minds and hearts of the young, something we cannot expect to look for from the public system under consideration.

Recently a free high school has been opened by the Jesuit Fathers at the cost of about half a million dollars which gives to the Catholic of our great metropolis one of the finest high schools in our country. The director of the work is the Rev. David W. Hearn, rector of the Church of St. Ignatius, Park Ave. The principal of the school is the Rev. James Kilroy who will have eight or nine assistants to help him in his work. The standard has been placed high so that the opening of this magnificently equipped school building, means the assembling of a large class composed of the brightest among the graduates of all the city parochial schools.

The initial class numbered 240 all of whom had a standing of over 90 per cent in the various parochial schools of New York. While there are other high schools in the city this is the first free one and will be known as the Regis High School.

The building, a massive structure, five stories high, surmounted by a large roof garden, equipped with all modern conveniences, such as large auditorium, chapel, lunch room, gymnasium, etc., is no small undertaking. It is expected that it will eventually be the educational center of 1,500 students, and as no one who has not attained a rank of 90 in previous studies will be taken, four years must pass before this great school will have its full compliment of students.

A NEW CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

A modest but very efficient beginning has been made at the new St. Mary's Parochial school opened this present year at Augusta. The attendance is very satisfactory being about 125 children comprising nearly all of the school pupils of the parish up to the 7th grade. Though the amount of land available was rather limited, yet the most possible seems to have been made of it so that the accommodations afforded the Sisters of Mercy in charge, and the school children are really the best that could be procured under the circumstances. The rooms of the school building are light and airy, and the Sisters apartments give an air of ease and comfort not often found. This old parish certainly deserves congratulation on the progress made.

OUR FIRST PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Fiftieth anniversary of the first Catholic Parish school in the Diocese of Portland, namely, St. Aloysius school at the Cathedral in Portland, opened by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon in October, 1864, and taught by the Sisters of the Congregation of Montreal, who were established in Portland for that purpose.

1914, Dec. 8—St. Agatha—Silver Jubilee of organization of the new parish, first Mass, and selection of site for the Parish Church, on Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8.

Collection of 1913.

A Day of National Thanksgiving

One of the greatest blessings that we American people enjoy, is that fact that our Government from year to year, makes an official acknowledgment to our dear Lord, for the many and bountiful favors that He has conferred on us as a Nation and a people. We are today brought face to face with so many countries whose civil authorities not only do not recognize the sovereignty of the Creator even in a tacit way, but are doing their very best to eliminate His Providence and all idea on the part of man of his dependence on the Will of the Almighty. We should all be grateful for the fact that our government had never sought to lessen our faith in or to do away with our confidence in the good Lord who so loves the least of his creatures.

Every individual has his obligation of showing in some tangible manner his gratitude to God for favors received, but it is specially appropriate that our General and State authorities should call us as a nation to give evidence of that beautiful trait known under the name of gratitude.

It was Governor Bradford that introduced this time honored custom at the close of the Pilgrim's first harvest year at Plymouth, when he called upon the "Fathers" to give a day of public prayer and thanksgiving to the Lord for the many favors just received. The idea was so natural for a Christian, timely and just, that the succeeding New England colonies adopted the pious practice.

In his proclamation of October 3rd, 1789, President Washington has most beautifully expressed the idea which the day implies. "Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and whereas both houses of Congress have by their joining committee requested me 'to recommend to the people of the United States, a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness:'

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or ever will be." Our first President then proceeds to specify

the various reasons why we should show our gratitude, being able of course to touch only on a few, since God's blessings are so numerous.

Looking over the world today we easily see wherein we have every cause for both public and private expression of our heartfelt sentiments of thanksgiving to a bountiful Creator. We have before us the awful ravages of the great and terrible European war, we have in mind the many efforts made by certain nations to eliminate God from the hearts of their people, in the confiscation of churches and schools, we have nearby faction-torn Mexico, where the unbeliever and the wicked are making a supreme effort to stifle the voice of conscience, and to destroy in the human heart that supreme love and respect due the Almighty; then we are in presence of the peace and plenty that that is so much in evidence from one part of our country to the other, the freedom of conscience that we enjoy and the public acknowledgment of the Creator under whom we live. For our past and present blessing we have therefore every reason to be grateful and to pray from the abundance of our Christian hearts a continuance of favor on the part of the Good Lord.

In going over some old documents, a few days ago, we came upon an old time Thanksgiving proclamation, the one issued by his Excellency, Governor Kavenaugh, in the fall of 1843. Knowing that it would be of interest to many, we had the same properly attested and beg to assure our readers that it is a pleasure to place before them the ideas herein expressed by Maine's only Catholic Governor, the Hon. Edward Kavenaugh, of Damariscotta.

A TALISMAN.

Take Temperance to thy breast
While yet is the hour of choosing,
As arbitress exquisite
Of all that shall thee betide;
For better than fortune's best
Is mastery in the using,
And sweeter than anything sweet
The art to lay it aside.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

An Old Time Proclamation

State of Maine.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.

I hereby certify, that the paper to which this is attached, is a true copy from the records of this office.

In Testimony Whereof, I have caused the seal of the State to be hereunto affixed. Given under my hand at Augusta, this twelfth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen and in the one hundred and thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. E. ALEXANDER
Secretary of State.

STATE OF MAINE.

By the Governor.

A PROCLAMATION

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

(L. S.)
EDWARD KAVENAUGH.

By and with the advice and consent of the Council I hereby appoint Thursday, the Seventh day of December next to be

observed for Thanksgiving and Praise to our Divine Benefactor.

At the opening of the season of which we are now witnessing the close when industry was again invited to resume its customary occupations the People of this State united in supplications to the Almighty Disposer of human affairs to bless with His favor the pursuits of all classes of our fellow citizens.

We are now called upon by a sense of duty to that Bountiful Providence to acknowledge our obligations for all the favors to which we have been the recipients.

Our fields have yielded returns for the labor of the Husbandman, and all other branches of industry have prospered; general health has prevailed through the land; tranquility and peace have been unimpaired.

But while duly penetrated with gratitude for these blessings which contribute to our temporal welfare, we should also endeavor to realize the extent of the bounty of the same Merciful Providence in the graces which He has imparted to further our spiritual and everlasting interests.

With humble hearts, let us therefore enter into a serious examination of ourselves, and of the manner in which we have corresponded with those graces so freely tendered; and although bound by every principle of duty to constant exercise of such self examination, let us specially devote the day now set apart for thanksgiving and praise, to so high, so salutary, so reasonable an obligation.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber in Augusta this sixteenth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three; and in the sixty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States.

By the Governor.

PHILIP C. JOHNSON,
Secretary of State.

DEVOTION.

"The man who would banish sentiment and feeling from the hearts of the world, is an active worker for the return of the glacial period of very hard rock and very cold ice. Who would eclipse the dawning hopes of youth, or draw the curtain of twilight over the sunset memories of old age?

Must all the canvas, on which are painted the pictures of the world, be made into flour sacks, and all our monuments broken up to macadamize our roads?"

F. P. DONNELLY, S. J.

The Catholic Church in Maine

THE AWAKENING OF AN OLD PARISH.

More than three hundred years have passed since that November morn when the soft sounds of the Mass bell were first heard beside the fast flowing waters of the beautiful Kennebec. As nearly as it is possible for us to place the date of this event, it was on the festival of All Saints, 1611, that the Jesuit Father Biard reared his humble altar on the shore of some sheltered island in the midst of Kennebec waters just mingled with those of the broad Atlantic. Would that Father Biard had known of some possible way to mark the site of this rude altar on which was offered for the first time the Eternal Sacrifice, but we well know that designations of places thus sanctified was impossible in those early days when our virgin forests and rock bound shores had as yet been untouched by the hand of civilization. The humble missionary passed on after the completion of this clean oblation, but the untold blessings thereby brought to these peaceful scenes have ever endured: it was not the name of a single saint thus honored beneath the shades of our primeval forests, but the whole host of the Church triumphant, that was brought in memory on this autumn day so many years ago.

Thirty-five years later, the morning air again wafts from out the forest glades the self same sounds. This time it is another son of Loyola, the accomplished Gabriel Druillettes, the first white man to pass from the St. Lawrence up the Chaudière, across the forest trails and down the Kennebec. The sacrifices of Blard and Massé have not been in vain: The Spotless Lamb so many times offered here and there along our surf-beaten coast had began to produce fruits; the prayer of the Abenaquis has come from the Kennebec to far away Sillery: the heart of the Christian missionary has been touched: the official permission given, and filled with holy aspirations on the morn of Aug. 29th, 1646, he turns the prow of his barken canoe towards distant Kennebec. Down he came past Carrabassett, Narantsouac, Tacconnet, to a favored spot almost within the shadow of the old Plymouth Trading Post at Cushnoc. Here on a lovely intervale since known as Gilley's Point, he found his chosen field; here the Eternal sacrifice was again offered; here through the kindly Puritan aid, the first Catholic chapel was erected on New England soil; here as circumstances permitted, from the fall of 1646 to the early Spring of 1652, Father Druillettes pursued his heroic task, under the patronage and invocation of "Our Lady

of the Assumption" the name given to the first permanent mission on the Kennebec.

During Father Druillettes' pastorate which was in truth too short, the best of relations prevailed between him and his neighbors, the Pilgrim traders at Cushnoc with whom he doubtless often climbed her forest covered hills and partook of their frugal hospitality. Like the mission of the Assumption, Cushnoc no longer remains, or rather we should say has changed for something better, the humble home of the Pilgrim fathers, and the narrow paths here and there have given way to the stately residences and the broad streets of Maine's beautiful capital, the Augusta of today.

Here again in after years came the children of the Church, the descendents of other races to renew the days of old, to perpetuate anew the memories of Our Lady of the Assumption in the erection of a Church edifice suited to the needs and purposes of the times.

It is not our purpose at present to write the history of St. Mary's parish, but only to touch here and there on a few of the many pleasant memories that cluster about this time honored center of Catholicism.

We use the words "time honored" because as years are reckoned in our history St. Mary's parish at Augusta dates from the beginning of Christian work in our State as well as from the early days of our present organization as a Church. The spiritual needs of the early Catholic settlers of Augusta were attended from the Mother parish of the Diocese of Portland, Damariscotta and Whitefield. They were blessed with the ministrations of Matignon, Romagné, Cheverus, men who have left the impress of their saintly character indelibly written in the history of our State. Like Biard, Massé, Druillettes, Râle, natives of old France, filled with the Faith of their country's best days, they came in the designs of Divine Providence to break the bread of life to the few scattered children of the old Indian race yet remaining, as well as to our Irish forefathers who had come to rear their humble homes within the borders of our State.

After them came the young Irish priest, Ryan, tutored and ordained by the first Bishop of New England, the illustrious Cheverus, to take his place among the Catholics of Maine. Established in the midst of the Catholic colony of Whitefield, it was Dennis Ryan's privilege to bring the consolations of our holy Faith to the Catholic families wherever they might be. There was then no question of parish bounds, for his was the only one in our State. The Irish people had long since begun to settle within our borders. Some abided in the Faith of their fathers while many proved unmindful of the great blessings they had enjoyed: their names are yet numerous, their descendants many, but the Old Faith for which their fathers had suffered

and bled is for them only a memory of the past. The labors of these zealous priests, encouraged by the sacrifices of the faithful kept the lamp of the Faith burning brightly, gradually bringing about the establishment of parishes so that other places besides Damariscotta and Whitefiuld might claim their parish churches and in time their resident priest.

Such was the case with the Catholics of Augusta. For a time they looked to the sanctuary at Whitefield. Thither of a Sunday morning they used to wend their way most frequently on foot, making the journey in parties, arriving in season for holy Mass, spending perchance a few social hours with some relative or friend ere their return at nightfall. To come fasting was nothing unusual, any more than it was for a whole family to fill a pew or two in the old brick church on the hill at Whitefield. These were days of joy for a kindred race, yes more than that, they were days of Faith when many a sacrifice must be made for the sake of their religion both on the part of the good priest and his faithful people.

As the years passed by, many a Catholic home was doubtless gladdened and blessed with the presence of holy Mass, and we may be sure that Father Ryan, and other priests perhaps frequently gave the good people of Augusta the opportunity of gathering about some hospitable family hearth where the holy Sacrifice was duly offered, or may be, perchance in some long forgotten hall when our Catholic people became too numerous for the limited accommodation of a family circle.

History always repeats itself when it is a question of the progress of holy Mother Church. It is first the family fireside, the hall, then the church.

In 1836 the old Unitarian then known as the Bethlehem Church was purchased by the growing Catholic congregation of Augusta. This was on the east side of the Kennebec, on the very ground so often travelled by Druillettes when on his visits to the Cushnoc trading post. Our great Catholic American historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea thus records this fact in his History of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. III., p. 485. "In his visitations, Bishop Fenwick found much to cheer him. A church building was purchased at Augusta, Maine."

With the departure of Father Ryan from Whitefield, the care of the work here naturally devolved on his successors among whom we might mention, Fathers Caraher and Moore. Ten years had now passed since the Catholics of Augusta first assembled for Mass in the old Bethlehem Church on the east side: their numbers and influence had increased to such an extent as to necessitate the erection of the present edifice on State St. which was dedicated under the title of St. Mary's, in part the same as that of our Lady of the Assumption at

the Catholic Indian Mission on the east side a little over two miles above the town.

Father Caraher came in 1846 if we may judge from an old Baptismal Record began by him on the 8th of September, 1846, when he recorded the Baptism of Louis Philip, born the 20th of August of William Henderson and Charlotte Getchell his wife. Sponsors, Edward Fitzgerald and Mary Low. As the record is labeled "Baptismal Records of Augusta, Whitefield, Gardiner and from 1846 to 1863, it is hard at this date to say just how many of the 67 entries made by Father Caraher in his time were born of parents residing in Augusta.

Some were evidently brought from up river for Baptism even whole families coming on the same day who owing to their having lived at a distance could not have been baptized otherwise than privately. An example of this nature is the following entry: Doyle, Oct. 3, 1847, William, Edward, Ellen, Catherine and Martin—ages unknown; all born of the same parents.

Another entry recalling two old families at Damariscotta is the following: Kavenaugh—Dec. 25, 1846—John, born the 6th, of James Kavenaugh and Mary Field. Sponsors Mathew C. Maddigan and Mary Kavenaugh.

The first resident priest at Augusta was the Rev. James O'Reilly who was apparently settled here in November 1847, his first recorded baptism bearing the date of Nov. 28, 1847, being that of Ellen, born the 24th ult. of Martin Carroll and Mary O'Grady his wife. Sponsors Bartholomew O'Grady and Catherine Heegan.

His first marriage took place January 29th, 1848, was that of Patrick Thing and Anne Russell. Witnesses, Michael Thing and Mrs. Thing.

Father O'Reilly remained at Augusta until November 1851, his last baptism entry being made on the 4th of November.

Augusta was now placed under the charge of the Rev. Edward Putnam of Whitefield doubtless because of the scarcity of priests. The record of baptism indicates that Father Putnam retained charge of the parish from December, 1851, to Feb. 1856, when his successor the Rev. Charles Egan took up his residence at Augusta.

Father Egan's pastorate at Augusta extended over a period of about 13 years during which time the records show that he exercised his holy ministry in Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, Brunswick, Bath, Whitefield, Damariscotta, Waterville, and many of the small up river towns, there being baptisms and marriages recorded from places all along the Kennebec Valley.

At the close of his long and laborious pastorate, in November, 1869, his successor the late Very Rev. Michael C. O'Brien, V. G., P. R., came as a young priest to Augusta, his first recorded

baptism bearing the date of November 28th, 1869, inscribed as follows: "I baptized this day Stephen Hagerty, born the 2nd inst of John Hagerty and Catherine Sheehan. Sponsors John O'Rourke and Mary O'Rourke. M. C. O'Brien.

Father O'Brien remained at Augusta until the spring of 1874 when he was succeeded by the Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan, afterwards Vicar-General of the Diocese of Manchester, and Permanent Rector of St. John's Church, Concord, N. H. After a stay of about a year and a half in Augusta, Father O'Callaghan was transferred to Portsmouth, N. H., the Rev. Raphael Wissel, O. S. B., coming to take his place, late in the fall of 1875, to remain until mid-summer, 1877, when his successor the late Rt. Rev. Daniel J. W. Murphy, P. R., of St. Mary's church, Dover, N. H. assumed the obligations as pastor,—to be in turn followed by his brother, the late John W. Murphy, Vicar General of the Diocese of Portland, in May 1881. Father John Murphy remained at St. Mary's until Bishop Healy appointed him pastor of St. Dominic's, Portland, in the early summer of 1886, sending at the same time a young priest the Rev. Charles W. Doherty to take charge.

St. Mary's at Augusta, was Father Doherty's only pastorate. Of a gentle and retiring disposition, never robust in health, he remained pastor of this one church for nearly a quarter of a century, until in the early summer of 1910 he arrived at the end of life's toilsome journey. The Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan was now appointed to guide the destinies of this old time parish, to take up the work of the present, and lead his people to that success worthy of their old time traditions.

For many years past, Augusta Catholics have been looking forward to a new and more imposing place of worship. From the little plank chapel of Father Druillettes, Catholicism has progressed from its humble home on the east side to its present edifice on State St. which in its day was considered one of the fine Catholic churches of our State. But with parishes as with individuals progress should always be the order of the day, and at the opportune moment an awakening eventually come to each. Such is now the case with St. Mary's.

The coming of a young, energetic, zealous, and devoted pastor, has given our Catholic citizens of Augusta their opportunity to broaden the field of their usefulness and to bring more in evidence the glories of our holy Faith. To an active leader with loyal support success is sure to come.

Since Father Nelligan's advent in July, 1910, the loyalty of his people have enabled him to place old St. Mary's and her parish house in first class repair, a school and convent have been added, and the Sisters of Mercy placed in charge of the 125 children who presented themselves for the opening of their Catholic school. But a few days ago, the old and beauti-

ful Frank W. Kinsman property, situated on the corner of Western avenue and Sewall street was purchased for the sum of $15,666. The renovation and repairs on the church and parochial residence, the parish school, convent equipment, together with the Kinsman property have necessitated the expenditure of upwards of $50,000 since the summer of 1910. It is now the hope of the pastor and his devoted parishoners to close the present year in such a manner as to leave only about $7,000 yet due on their property.

The site recently purchased is ideal from every point of view, easy of access, and admirably adapted to the magnificent stone church of the not so very distant future, towards which the energetic members of St. Mary's parish are now bending their united efforts, where above lasting stone walls they may place in evidence for future generations the imperishable sign of man's redemption.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Pentagoet.

The capture of Pentagoet by the French proved to be only the beginning of a long series of struggles for the possession of this spot so favored by nature, contests that endured long after the domain of the old world nations had given way to the rule and sway of the American Republic.

The death of the Acadian governor, Isaac de Razilly in November, 1635, left the control of the province in the hands of his lieutenants, D'Aulnay and LaTour. As might have been expected, trouble soon arose between these two restless spirits, which could have no other result save civil war.

D'Aulnay's first move was to practically abandon the settlement at La Hève where Razilly had established quite a flourishing colony, for what seemed to him the more promising site at Port Royal, to which he took about all the families some twelve or fifteen in number that had been settled by the governor at La Hève.

Competitors in the fur trade, with no well defined bounds as to their sphere of influence, serious misunderstandings soon arose between the commanders which finally resulted in an appeal to arms. With the hope of restoring harmony, the French king, Louise XIII, wrote to D'Aulnay in 1638 outlining the bounds of their respective territories. By this arrangement, all lands north of a line drawn east and west through the bay of Fundy with the exception of La Tour's fort on the St. John's were assigned to D'Aulnay. The country lying on the south

comprising the Acadian Peninsula, Port Royal and La Hève excepted, was placed under the care of La Tour.

D'Aulnay was thus constituted lord of the entire coast from Chignecto, the present Halifax, to Pemaquid. Proceeding to develop his extensive lands, in 1641, D'Aulnay built forts at Pentagoet, at the mouth of the St. Johns and at Port Royal, dividing among them for garrison duty about three hundred men.

He was successful this same year in getting 20 additional families to come and settle in Acadia. By 1644 his colonists had increased to about 400 souls. He had moreover established at Port Royal a seminary which afforded a home to twelve Capuchin fathers.

La Tour even though he made a journey to France in 1632 for the purpose of inducing people to come and settle in his lands, does not appear to have succeeded so well. From the fact that his fort on the St. John brought him in a very good income it would appear that his efforts were concentrated more in building up his trade than in peopling the vast tracts committed to his care.

The letter of Louis XIII. leaving as it did D'Aulnay's and La Tour's interests within each others territories did not bring peace to the struggling French settlements. Mutual recriminations continued to reach the King until finally in 1642, D'Aulnay who had gained the upper hand in the home councils, was commissioned to arrest La Tour and send him to France. For this purpose, D'Aulnay in August, 1642, invested La Tour's fort on the St. John. Civil war had already been in existence between them since 1639 when the Micmacs at the instigation of La Tour had attacked a boat in which D'Aulnay, one of his soldiers and a Capuchin were sailing along the coast. The following year La Tour attacked and captured two vessels and nine soldiers who were on their way to the relief of Pentagoet then threatened by the English. Four months later D'Aulnay retaliated by capturing La Tour and his wife after a contest in which the captain of La Tour's vessel was slain. The fathers however made intercession and obtained from D'Aulnay the release of his distinguished prisoners.

As early as 1641 La Tour had applied to the English authorities at Boston for assistance in his struggle with D'Aulnay, but without any success for John Endicott voicing the sentiments of the majority advised letting La Tour and D'Aulnay exhaust themselves in their fratricidal contests, considering the success of either as of no value if not injurious to the interests of the New England colonists. Governor Winthrop, however, does not seem to have taken the same view, for while not giving any official standing to the French adventurer, he nevertheless permitted him to collect volunteers among the inhabitants of the

English colonies, and to charter ships for his war on the representative of a power with which England was then at peace. La Tour was desirous of entering into a treaty of alliance with the Puritan authorities, but should Gov. Winthrop have cared to recognize him to that extent, he would undoubtedly have found strong opposition among his own people, many of whom did not look with favor on the encouragement actually given. The plausible La Tour was however able to gather quite a respectable body of men with whom he sailed from Boston in four armed vessels to attack D'Aulnay then besieging fort La Tour on the St. John. On the way he fell in with a Protestant expedition sent out from France to assist him in his undertaking against his rival. With his force thus augmented, La Tour soon obliged D'Aulnay to seek the protection of his own fortified station where he appears to have been worsted. By some authorities, it is held that this contest took place at Port Royal, while others claim it was at Pentagoet that the allies finally came upon D'Aulnay and his fleeing forces.

D'Aulnay complained bitterly to the authorities in France where he made a trip in the autumn of 1643 in the behalf of his struggling colony. The home government naturally resenting the actions of La Tour gave D'Aulnay ample powers to treat with the Massachusetts governor, now John Endicott, and to arrest La Tour. On the 8th of October, 1644, he succeeded in arranging a treaty of friendship and commerce with Governor Endicott which was afterwards ratified by the united New England colonies.

Learning in April, 1645, that La Tour had again appealed to Boston for assistance, and that he was then actually in the Puritan metropolis, D'Aulnay suddenly appeared with a strong force before his fort on the St. Johns then occupied by a small number of soldiers. The odds were against them, and councils of prudence would seem to have suggested a surrender, had not Madame La Tour succeeded in communicating to the slender garrison a part of that indomitable courage which should have immortalized her in a better cause.

D'Aulnay evidently did not wish to storm the place, preferring to arrange for a peaceable transfer, and even though he sought in three different interviews to convince them of the futility of resistance, there appeared no other alternative that to order an assault. All day long the unequal combat lasted, until at night fall, the heroic defenders were obliged to yield to weight of numbers. It would have been well for the memory of D'Aulnay had he been generous in the treatment of his unfortunate prisoners, but the spirit of the times and the animosity engendered by their bitter resistance consigned them to the fate of the rebel, hence while Madame La Tour, her son, her maid, and another woman, were spared, the balance paid

with their lives the penalty of their opposition. The heroic Madame La Tour did not however long survive the catastrophe. Three weeks later a fatal malady brought her to an untimely grave. Her husband now became a wanderer, and strange to relate was shortly welcomed at Quebec where a salute was fired in his honor and he was hospitably entertained at the famed Chateau St. Louis. But fortune had in store yet stranger things for this versatile and many sided man. In the furtherance of his numerous schemes, he had become largely indebted to several business men of Boston, especially to Edward Gibbons. Though rather discredited among them, he yet had the courage to again appeal to them for aid, with the result that another vessel was equipped and manned for him, partly by Englishmen and partly by Frenchmen.

In Williamson's history of Maine, Vol. I, pg. 321, we read: "La Tour sailed about the middle of winter for the Nova Scotia peninsula; and when he had arrived opposite Cape Sable, he developed the baseness of his soul. Consummate in the arts of intrigue and disguise, he conspired with the master and five of his own countrymen to drive the Englishmen ashore, and run away with the vessel and her cargo. In executing the piratical project, he was violently resisted; and fought in person, shooting one English sailor in the face with his own pistol.

This part of the crew so barbarously turned adrift in the depth of winter, wandered up and down the coast, 15 days in extreme suffering; till unexpectedly they were met by a party of Mickmack Indians, who treated them with a generosity highly creditable to the attributes of human nature. It is their due further to add, that they manifested great nobleness in their conduct; for they received the forlorn mariners into their wigwams, refreshed them with venison and the best food they had, kindly loaned them a shallop, and provided an Indian pilot to assist them in getting home. Yet it was not till the following spring, (1648), three months after they had left Boston, that these unhappy men, with all their exertions, and the kind assistance of the natives, were enabled to effect a safe return. La Tour went to parts unknown; some supposing that he had taken a trip to Hudson's bay;—as nothing was heard from him for more than two years."

D'Aulnay now reigned supreme in Acadia. As a recompense for his losses, the king of France confirmed him in his authority as governor, according him perpetual rights and privileges in the colony. As a colonizer he may be said to have been one of the most successful thus far sent out from France, for viewing his work from 1632 to 1650 we find that he was instrumental in settling more families on Acadian soil that did any other until 1710.

Whether D'Aulnay had his principal station at Pentagoet or at Port Royal, is not clear, for while the majority of New England authorities favor Pentagoet, other historians especially French and Canadian seem to imply that his chief interests centered about Port Royal. However this may be, there is little doubt but what due importance was given to Pentagoet.

The death of D'Aulnay which took place on the 24th of May, 1650, gave to La Tour the opportunity of again returning to Acadia where he appeared early in 1651. The animosities of the past were soon forgotten in those early days when the enemies of tonight might be the friends of tomorrow.

Thus it was with this remarkable man; he soon overcame the barriers raised by years of civil war carrying his conquests even to the heart of the stately and queenly Lady D'Aulnay, widow of his old time and constant enemy, who after one short year of fervent wooing became Madame La Tour. "His wooing," says Sylvester, "sped on golden wings, and what he was unable to accomplish by war he wrought by the alchemy of love, and La Tour was at last master of all Acadia. One hears him shout exultantly, as he bears his prize of beauty from her lonely home by the shadows of Pentagoet:

"'To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!'
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazes as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John."

After his marriage with Madame D'Aulnay, La Tour returned to his old haunts of the St. John where after having repaired his fort, he lived in comparative peace and tranquility until his death in 1666.

But little chance was given during these years of war between Charles de Menou d'Aulnay de Charnissy and Charles St. Estienne de La Tour, for the progress of religion in the province of Acadia. The Recollects as we have seen were here as early as 1619, and remained until driven out by the English in 1628. Their principal establishment being on the St. John, they were largely under the influence of La Tour by whom they were retained after their order had been withdrawn by Richelieu from the labors of the Acadian missions. Their stay however was not agreeable, for La Tour's religious convictions were apparently subject to frequent changes, and his pronounced hostility to Catholicism obliged them to retire in January, 1645. When La Tour went to Boston in June, 1643, two of the Recollect fathers accompanied him and doubtless

had an opportunity of visiting about the city of the Puritans. There appears to be little if any evidence that any of the Recollects were ever settled at Pentagoet.

As D'Aulnay welcomed the Capuchins on their arrival, we may presume that the Recollects did not often visit Pentagoet as those that remained in the province were under the power of La Tour.

It is not easy to determine the exact year when the Capuchins took up their residence at Pentagoet. They were perhaps here as early as 1630, for we find in the archives of the Propaganda at Rome, documentary reference to the Capuchin missions in New England. Under date of Nov. 22, 1630, f. 164, no. 10, may be seen the following title: "Missions of the Capuchins in New England in North America." Again Feb. 3, 1631, Pt. II, f. 18, no. 22, "The sending of Capuchins to New England confirmed." We know that Cardinal Richelieu recalled the Recollects from the Acadian missions in 1633 and placed the same under the care of the Capuchins from the province of Paris. It was in the summer of 1635 that Pentagoet was taken from the English by the French under D'Aulnay, so that it would not seem unreasonable to connect their coming with this important event, especially since Sieur D'Aulnay being a practical Catholic, had at once acquiesced in the withdrawal of the Recollects and had accepted the ministration of the Capuchins. The references above quoted from documents now on file in the archives of the Propaganda, doubtless refer to the discussion of the transfer of these missions from one society to another, hence while there is a possibility of their having been on the ground earlier than 1635, yet it does not seem very probable, the more so since the French do not seem to have exercised any authority worth mentioning over Penobscot Bay prior to this date.

We must however remember that the French floating population along the Acadian coast from the Bay of Chaleurs to the Kennebec while not numerous in winter, went well into the thousands during the alluring summer months, and that D'Aulnay was brought more or less in contact with his adventurous countrymen during this eventful period; hence as he alone had accepted the coming of the Capuchins, they probably followed his varying fortunes along our coast. The erection of hospices under their care was undoubtedly planned, for there must have been many a crying need on the part of this vast French population so far from home. This question also seems to have been discussed with the authorities at the Propaganda, for under date of July 19, 1632 in No. VIII. f. 269, no. 6, is a document bearing the title "On the mission of the Capuchins in Canada and their two hospitals." "Many of our early maps of the New England coast clearly outline hospices

under the care of the Capuchins at the outlets of both the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers.

During the civil war between D'Aulnay and La Tour, the Capuchins are frequently mentioned as being present with D'Aulnay, and we may reasonably suppose that their influence not unfrequently softened the asperities of the situation, so often do we encounter them in connection with the various expeditions along our coast, that we may easily conclude that they were as much at home at Pentagoet as in their seminary at Port Royal.

Abbe Maurault seems of the opinion that their hospice was established at Pentagoet about 1640. We see no reason why they should not have taken up their residence at this advantageous point immediately on their arrival in Acadia which was surely as early as 1635, for at this period, French traders, fishermen, as well as various other adventurers were here in abundance; there being no question about D'Aulnay's Catholicity and his anxiety to settle the country under his care, it would be only natural that he should wish to have some of the good Capuchin missionaries at this advanced post which in truth offered a most fruitful field for their zealous ministrations.

Among such a numerous French population at such a distance there must have been much sickness and many deaths, on all of which occasions the service of the mission fathers were in demand as in the case of the unfortunate Madame DeLa Tour who died of grief and chagrin shortly after the capture of her husband's fortress at St. John. While it would appear that she like her husband of whom Parkman in his "Old Regime" says: "La Tour was neither a true Catholic or a true Protestant, and would join hands with anybody who could serve his turn" yet when she saw death approaching, her early teachings and real convictions asserted themselves, hence did not hesitate to call for one of the Capuchins through whose kindly aid she died a happy death and obtained Christian burial.

SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is a thing pleasant to have—laudable to desire. It inspires purpose and sweetens effort; it gladdens the heart that was growing sad with lonely thoughts; it nerves the flagging energies and cheers the overwrought spirit that was nigh to fainting, if not to death. All the same, its voice is a Siren voice and has, ere now, spoiled high purposes and ruined lives that might have been noble.

JOSEPH FARRELL.